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THE OBSERVATOR.

Remarks on the Libel call'd the Rehearsal, *&c. A Story of two* Tacking Priests *in* Essex.

From Wednesday July the 4th, to Saturday July the 7th, 1705.

Country-m. MAster *Observator* you promis'd me some Remarks on the *Irish Priests* Libel; 'tis a hard Case that a *Nonjuror* should be suffer'd to Libel the Government and its best Friends: Why does not the *Hog* follow him? *Robin* is Industrious enough in picking holes in the Coat of true *Protestants* and *Englishmen*.

Obs. Every Body knows that: And 'tis not so difficult a thing to Unkennel a Libeller, as that the Enterprize should be thought the Fatigue of a Secretary of State: *The E. of* N——, he says, *with much Vigilance and Care did detect the Author of the* Shortest way with the Dissenters; this is a shrewd Reflection on the Earl, to attribute the Merits of *Robin Hog* to his Lordship, for 'twas Honest *Robin* found out that Author.

Well; and what mighty Service further for the Church on this Head? Why, Mr. *Foe* was the Author of that Book, and for writing it he was put in the Pillory, I don't say unjustly; but if *Sacheverel* who Printed the same Words by the Licence of the Vice-Chancellor of *Oxford*, had stood there first, it would have better pleas'd some People. If Mr. *Foe* had put himself upon Trial, and plain Evidence had appear'd against him, that the Book was written with his own Hand, and with the same delivered to the Printer, the Evidence would not have been sufficient to Convict him of being Author, he could but be the Composer, a Collector from *Sacheverel* and others who had thunder'd out those Tenents before ever he meddled with the Subject.

And here he lugs me Head and Ears into the Plot. He tells you, that *Obs.* 71. Vol. 1. *I say, this Book was written by a Clergyman?* 'Tis true I did say I thought it was wrot by a Clergyman of the *High-Church*, and who could think otherwise? Was there ever a Picture so like the Original? Did ever a Man write more like a *High-Flying-Tantivy-Priest?* With the very Thought, the Expression, the Device? Nothing in the Book but what may be proved from the Writings, Principles, and Practices of *High-Church*; 'twas a Pardonable Mistake in me, I judg'd only of the Author by the Principles advanc'd in the Book.

Well; and the detecting of this Author was a great piece of Service, who had made a Faggot of *High-Church Notions*, and Painted in little the unweildy Map of *Sanguinary Principles?* One would have thought the discovery of the Author of the Libel call'd the *Exorbitant Grants of* William *the Third*, &c. In which the Queens Right to the Crown is Question'd, and the whole Book is written in Favour of the Pretender; I say one would have thought this had been a piece of Service Superiour to that discovery of the *Shortest way*; that Libel was discovered to the E. of N——, the Printer was taken into Custody, the Author was known, and yet so it happen'd that neither of them were brought to Punishment.

But enough of this: Now, if you'll take Honest *Lesley*'s Word, the *Sandwich* Story is true. Says he, *I have set down Names at length, with time and place, to give all room that may be for a Disproof. Our Cause having no need of Invention, or any Indirect Methods.* Erect thy self the Monument of *Brass* thou *Quintiscence* of *Impudence*, *Lesley* the *Nonjuring Priest!* Has thy *Cause* no need of *Invention?* A *Cause* contriv'd in the Dominions of *Hell*, for the support of the Regions of *Darkness*, the Head of which is the *Father of Lies* himself, and the Tail thereof a *Nonjuring Priest*, an *Inferiour Leviathan*, sprung from a *Bog* in the *Devils Piss-Pot*.

Has your Cause no need of Invention? Have you then told so many *Lies* that you need no more, or has your *Lying Devil* left you, that you can invent no more? Your Cause has hitherto subsisted by *Lies* and *Forgeries*, by *Perjuries* and *Subornations:* Is your Kingdom of *Wickedness* than Established, that you have no further Occasion of your Antient *Auxiliaries*, and the proper *Buttresses* to your Cause, I mean *Lies* and *Falsehoods?*

You say too, you have no need of Indirect Methods; good Mr. *Priest*, what do you mean by that Expression? You don't need 'em because you have 'em: Or take it in the Sence you would have Mankind believe it, That your Cause is Established by direct Methods; I'll yield that Point too. The direct Methods of supporting such a Cause as yours, is *Perjury*, *Subornations*, *Murders*, *Massacres*, Cutting of *Throats*, Ripping up *Women* with *Child*, Burning of *Infants*, and a Thousand other *Cruelties*; these are the methods by which you *Tories* and *Papists* support your Cause.

Don't say I am Uncharitable in linking the *Pinnacle Men* and the *Papists* together; we found 'em United in the late *Elections*, and the same Cause must have the same methods of support.

Every Son of *Contention* has his peculiar Post, he's to exercise his best Faculty against the Government and the Peace of the Realm: *Lesley's Tallent* is *Railing*, *Lying*, *Impudence* and *Faction*; all which he is order'd to use in bespattering of the best Men in the Kingdom; he's to call 'em *Commonwealths-Men*, *Rebels*, *Murderers* of Kings, and to bawl out *Forty One* till he's out of breath, and *Revolution* and *Rebellion* is his *Daily Theam*. All that were for the *Revolution*, for King *William*, for the *Protestant Succession*, and are intirely in the *Queens Interest*, he Treats as *Dissenters*, *Commonwealths-Men*, and *King-Killers*.

And I leave any Impartial Man to judge whether this Impudent Lye he has forg'd, concerning the *Sandwich Election*, be not contriv'd on purpose to Asperse the two Honourable *Members* lately Chosen after the manner aforesaid, if not of a more *Malicious* and *Evil Intent* than I shall surmise in *Publick*.

I think, Honest *Country-man*, the Affidavits you brought

brought me laſt time have fully convicted the Scribling Prieſt of a Lye; one may believe the next Story following is full as falſe, which relates to my worthy Friend Mr. *Robert Mead*, of *Ayleſbury*, who, to my Knowledge, has more *Honour*, *Honeſty* and *Integrity*, more *Loyalty* to the Queen, more *Affection* to the preſent Government and the Liberties of *England*, than all the *High-Church* Party, lump 'em together.

Country-m. Maſter, was there ever ſuch a Lying Varlet as this *Iriſh Prieſt?* Why, the whole Party are given to Lying, and their Buſineſs is to Belye you; there are I don't know how many Libels Printed upon you, and tho' no Man of Senſe or Quality in the Kingdom takes Notice of, or believes 'em, yet ſome Honeſt well-meaning Men, may be miſled in their Opinions; and ſome of the Toppers too, make it their Buſineſs to Aſperſe you. I heard a Gentleman ſay that a certain great Man ſaid, not long ſince, that you were a prov'd Coward.

Obſ. However Digniſi'd or Diſtinguiſh'd that great Man may be, I tell him in Print he's a Lyar, and that he ought to take *Leſley* for his Chaplain.——But, Frithee, haſt got any more true Stories of the *Tacking Prieſthood?*

Country-m. Yes, Maſter, a whole Budget full. The *Tacking Prieſts* in *Eſſex* have made a Seſſions Buſineſs.

Obſ. A Seſſions Buſineſs, of what?

Country-m. About Ringing the Bells. But, Maſter, to whom does the Belfrey belong, and to whom the Bells, *&c.*

Obſ. The Bells belong to the Pariſh, and are under the Care of the Church Warden; the Bell-Ropes belong to the Parſon if he be a *Tacker*. For, *Country-man*, the Parſon of the Pariſh is an *Almsman*, he is in Poſſeſſion of an Alms-Houſe called the *Parſonage* or *Vicarage-Houſe*. The Church, in Reſpect of the Parſon, is the ſame as a *Court Leet*, or *Court Baron*, in which he does Suit and Service for his Tenure by *Almonage*. But more of this when I come to prove, that, according to the *Engliſh Conſtitution*, the *Clergymen*, *Quatenus Clergymen*, have no Vote as *Freeholders*, and that the Major part of the *Tacking Clergymen* were Perjur'd at the late Election. All this ſhall I do againſt the Seſſions, let *Leſley*, the whole Race of *Bellſwagger*, and all the *Black Furioſo's* in *England* form what Deſigns they can againſt me.

Country-m. Now, Maſter, I'll tell you this *Tacking* Story from *Eſſex*. The Pariſh Prieſt of *Morton*, that bears the Name of an ugly devouring Fowl, and *Hubble-bubble* Prieſt of *Bubbingworth*, two Towns in *Eſſex*, were for the *Tackers*, God be thanked contrary to the Opinion of their Pariſhes; for, Maſter, had many Pariſhes in *England* been as wicked in the late Elections as were their Reſpective Prieſts, we ſhould have had a Parliament, for ought I know, that would have *Tack'd* away the *Proteſtant Succeſſion* and our *Proteſtant Queen*, as ſome in the laſt Parliament would have done Her Money.

It ſeems Her Majeſties Good People of the Pariſh were reſolv'd to Rejoyce after the Ruſtick manner, by making the *Ding-Dongs* expreſs aloud their Joy, that two Honeſt Gentlemen in the Queens Intereſt were Choſen to Repreſent their Country. To prevent which the Pariſh Prieſt took away the Keys of the *Belfrey*, and not only Lock'd, but Nail'd up the Door.

The People of the Town, for all this, would have a Peal for their Honeſt Members, and ſo they put a Young Fellow in at a hole in the Steeple, who let in the Ringers and to work they went. The Parſon incens'd hereat made a Noiſe, Huff'd and Bounc'd what he would do. *Sacriledge my Beloved, Sacriledge, get in at the hole of the Steeple, employ the Sanctify'd Ding dongs to Unſanctify'd uſes.* Lord have Mercy on our Church, the Bells and the Prieſt don't Chime the ſame way. *Presbyterian* Bells that muſt be new Chriſtned when *High Church* ſhall have Abſolute Dominion.

Well; all this would not ſerve turn, our Parſon gets a Warrant, and the other threatens a Young Man if he did not Swear that *Philip Phenney*, Servant to one Mr. *Watkins*, was the firſt that broke into the Church, he would ſend him to Sea, but if he would be Ingenious and Swear againſt that Perſon he would make Friends for him, and pay him his Days Work.

The young Fellow ſaid, *He could not Swear againſt any Body, for he did not come till a long time after the Bells had began to Ring, and conſequently could not tell who got firſt into the Church.* But ſtill was the young Man Coax'd and Threaten'd by the Prieſt, which availing nothing, the Cauſe was brought before the Juſtices at a *Petty-Seſſions* at *Epping*.

Obſ. And what became of it?

Country-m. What de'ye think could become of ſuch a Cauſe? The Church Wardens ſaid there was no Damage done to the Church or the Bells; every Body Laught at the Cauſe, and ſo the two Prieſts went home e'en ſuch Nums as they came out.

Obſ. I think, becauſe *Eſſex* is a Veal Country, particular care is taken to provide 'em Calves for their Parſons. I am much indiſpoſed, or I ſhould be glad to hear ſome more *Tacking Stories*. But I hope they'll keep till another Opportunity.

Country-m. Aye, aye, Maſter, come here's to your good Repoſe with all my Spirit.

Advertiſements.

WHereas *Lucatullu's Balſam* hath been eſteemed an extraordinary Family Medicine, and a Soveraign thing in all Inward Strains, Bruiſes, *&c.* But it being in the Shops ſo ſadly made, hath rendered it very unpleaſant, and the leſs in uſe; this is, therefore, to give Notice, that there is now prepared and left to be Sold at Mr. *Hows*, in *Talbot-Court*, in *Grace-Church ſtreet*, *London*, Twelve-penny Pots of it, the fineſt that ever was made in *England*, there being now added thereto, the true Balm of *Gilead*, and three or four other Rich Balſamick Ingredients, which makes it a Noble thing, and of a delicate fragrant Scent and Taſte: Rub a little on your hand to ſmell too, you'll ſoon perceive the difference from all others. 'Tis a moſt Efficacious Medicine (as now prepar'd) in all Inward Strains, Bruiſes, Pluritick pains, Ulcers of the Lungs, or any Inward part; Coughs, ſhortneſs of Breath, ſpitting of Blood, or any other Evacuation of Blood in Men or Women; it Relieves the Pains in the Kidneys and Bladder, thro' Stone, Gravel, or ſharpneſs of Urine, cauſing the Water to ſlide away eaſily; 'tis to be taken twice or thrice a day, the quantity of a Nutmeg roll'd up in Sugar, eſpecially at Night going to Bed, it eaſing Coughs wonderfully, and gives reſt——'Tis of ſuch general uſe, that no Family ought to be without it, for Cuts and Green Wounds it helps in 48 Hours, takes away Pains and Aches by Anointing with it hot, and ſometimes eaſes the Gout immediately. It certainly Cures chapt Nipples, Lips, and Hands, making them ſmooth and ſoft.

☞ At the ſame place is Sold the common ſort of *Lucatullu's Balſam*, only finely made and better than Ordinary (but without theſe Additions) at *6d.* a Pot. Of a finer Colour than the beſt, becauſe the added Ingredients to the other alters its Colour.

AT the upper end of Brick-Lane, near Shore-Ditch-Church, over-againſt Satchwells-Rents, is a Collection of fine Flowers to be Sold, where Gentlemen and others may be furniſhed at Reaſonable Rates.

STolen from *Reads Coffee-Houſe*, over-againſt *Ludgate-Church*, a large *Book of Maps*, finely Painted upon *Imperial Paper*, the Leaves all Numbered; and alſo the Life of King *William* the Third. Upon reſtoring of which there ſhall be Ten Shillings Reward.

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